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Echoes

from the

Magon Wheels

Heard af a Regimental Reunion

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How it Happened.

THE time was the year of grace 1880, the

place a summer resort in Boston Harbor. A group of men smoking and lazily watching the waves as they splashed at their feet. One of the party, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe, said that he always liked to come down and see the boys and hear them talk over old times, even though he had not much to say about them himself.

"Why do n't you?"

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"Well, I don't feel like saying much when I get among those who bear the scars of battle. I think that I ought to be quiet, and that my place now is — as it was in the war days — in the rear."

Some one remarked that, according to his way of thinking, the question was not what a man's duty was, but did he do it well and to the best of his ability.

The first speaker smiled as he retorted, "There is something in that, but you know we of the trains had to live under a load of disrepute. We were bummers, thieves, stampeders, and so on, and I — well, I was only a regimental quartermaster, and, like the blind fiddler, got more kicks than halfpence."

"Very likely; but if the regimental quartermasters had not done their duty it would have gone hardly at the front. Look at Brooks Station, where Burnside got his trains snarled up, and we nearly starved to death; look at the fall advance in '63, when the flankers grew careless, and away went our ammunition train."

"That is so. I had a narrow escape once myself. Had I failed to get through it might have made serious business."

" How was that?"

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the Quartermaster's Story.

It was in '64, and I was running a pretty long train of ammunition. We had been breaking through as best we could, and all felt pretty tired one evening, when down comes an orderly with a note from Gen. Warren. I read it and whistled. It simply said

"Bring up the reserve ammunition for the Fifth Corps. Have it here before daylight. The bearer will conduct you on a safe road."

Well, there I was, the train going into park, everybody tired out, night coming on,

and this order staring me in the face. I told my wagonmaster to pick out the freshest mules, we hitched them into the wagons and pulled out. As we swung into the road 1 asked the orderly where the officer commanding the train escort was. "There is no escort," said he. I pulled up my horse and stared at him. "Does Gen. Warren expect me to cavort round at night with an ammunition train, in a strange country, and not a solitary guard?" Says the orderly, "I know nothing alout that. You have your written orders, and I was instructed to pilot you on the road." "Well," said 1, " is this the road?" "Yes," said he. We went on. It grew darker and darker as we rode. After we had gone about three

NOT LIFE SHAT SOLDER LINE

HE IT COMESTER SEEDS CEEL LOS TARBETTOS ARE miles we came on a cavalry outpost. I found their officer did not seem to have a very definite idea of his own whereabouts, so I rode back to my train. As we moved on he called out, "A little beyond the road forks; take the

right hand road." My guide shook his head. "We don't want to go to Fredericksburg," said he. "And I don't want this train to go with me to Richmond." But my guide seemed quite sure of himself, and I gradually dropped to the rear, ordering each driver to keep well closed up on the wagon ahead of him. I was talking with my wagonmaster when the train suddenly halted. I galloped to the front and found my guide dismounted and searching along the roadside. "What is the matter?"

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"I don't know, but when I passed on my way down there was a picket stationed here, and I can't find him now." We rode on for half a mile, and not a picket could we find. "What kind of a guide are you?" said I. "Well, I came on this road, and my orders are to bring you on the road I came on, so we'll go ahead." I felt very uncomfortable, for it was evident that my guide had completely lost his bearings, and from the little I knew of the country I mistrusted that we were outside our lines, and were moving between the armies. After an hour's driving we heard some cavalry on our right, and I felt sure we were all done for. Very soon after we heard shots behind I promise you that string of wagons

moved lively. I had gone to the rear to keep things well closed up, when the train suddenly halted. I galloped to the front and found my guide conversing with a party of cavalry. He ealled out, "All right, it's our own patrol." 22 We found we were two miles from Warren's headquarters, so I rode on ahead to find him and see where I was to deliver my load. I found Warren in a little house, showed him his order, and reported that I had the ammunition up. "I wish you had not brought it, we had to fall back this afternoon, and you have been travelling all night outside our lines." "Well," said I, "what do I do with it now?" "Go round to the back of the house, you will find my adjutant general, and

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STREET, SQUARE

SECURE CARRO

he will give you the necessary instructions." I found the adjutant-general asleep, and he waked up quite crusty. "Get it out of here, we don't want it." "Where do I take it?" "Turn the train over to Gen. Burnside." "Please give me a written order." "Botheration," said he, but he scrawled a hasty note, and I left him. Day was just breaking when I found Burnside and made the transfer. I tell you I felt relieved when I found myself on the road with my cupty wagons. That is all, it's not much to tell of, but it was considerable to go through. Warren afterwards was quite complimentary on my promptness in obeying

orders.

"That reminds me," said another of the group, "of a 'sperience I had down round Centerville way."

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"What was that?"

the teamster's Storg.

Why, ye see, it was like this. They'd been righting at Bull Run, where Pope get licked so like 'tarnation, and the trains was all down to Centerville, when along comes Jake Thompson, the wagonmaster. "Rufe," see he, "ye'll have to hitch up and drive towards the field. They want us to load up with some o' the wounded." So Ned Sykes, Mike Sullivan, and myself, we hitched up and strung out into the road, Jake riding that tay mare o' his and p'inting the way for us. There was consid'ble dunnage all along that had been

REVIOLET SALES

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hove away, I s'pose for lack o' sufficient transportation, but we headed right on for Groveton. We picked up a young surgeon somewheres, and he rode alongside o' Jake. I had the leading wagon, so I had a good chance to see what was going on. Well sin, we by and by gets where they was a lying tol'al leplenty, and we collared a lot o' body-snatchers as was a cavorting round promiscuous and gets our three wagons loaded up. Sez the surgeon to Jake," Drive them to Centreville, and then come back for some more." So

and-by we fetches Centreville.
"You must have passed through their lines, then."

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we heads round to the eastward, and by-

SEEDWING AS

or two Johnnies and they did n't do anything but stare at us. As I was saying, we gets to Centreville, and drives up to a hospital. The surgeon in charge comes out, and see he, "Wot have ye got here?" Jake told him. "All full here," see he, "I believe every wounded man has been brought to this hospital. Take them over there." And he points to a flag as was a flying ever to cur right. Jake drives us over there and we found their surgeon was off somewheres, but his deppity would n't hardly look at us. Leaving them with him was out o' the question. He wanted to get rid o' some as he had, let alone taking in fresh ones. Sez Jake,

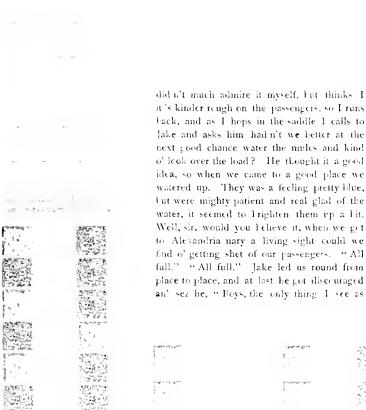
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Pr'aps we did. I did n't see more 'n one

"Where do I go now?" Sez he, "The best thing you can do is to carry them to Alexandria. Ve may git rid on 'em on the way, but there's no sight round here." So we heads for Alexandria, Jake a softly whistling to hisself. He rides alongside o' 'em for a spell and sez he, "If ever I light eyes on that there young rip of a surgeon as has set me on this cock-a-doodle errand there'll be a chance for him to try some of his own medicines on his careass." Well, we cussed together for a spell, and by and by I 'lights and runs back to see how Ned and Mike took it. Well, sir, I found 'em jist rank. They 'lewed they'd had no grub, and this

kind o' racket was no ways satisfactory. I



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we can do is to head for Washington." Ned Sykes he swore up and down he'd go no farther, but Jake and I sort o' pacified him. Mike he did n't say much 'cert as how it was downlight killing the team. However at last we pulled out of the cussed town and halted and got some supper and fixed up our freight. We got some old straw for 'em to lay on and made 'em as comfertable like as we could. Then we started. Jake had tried to get a surgeon to go with us, but he could n't get one, so we lit out all by ourselves. I tell ye that was a tengh ride. Them wounded men seemed to have give up altogetlar, and it was tough I tell you to hear 'em greaning and lamenting as the



wagons jolted over the rough road. We went into park, and during the night two on 'em died. I tell ye Jake he was puzzled. He concluded 't was best to bury 'em, so we had that job in the morning before we started out. Well sir, we got into Washington at last, and llame me if it were n't just as bad as Alexandria. "All full." "No room here." "Take 'em away, we 've more now than we know what to do with." And so we drew up and down the streets till Jake told me as his patience was about given out. Jist then we reins up in front of another hospital and after a heap o' jawin' they 'greed to take 'em in. So we unleaded, and precious glad we all were. Jake he takes us off and we

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draws rations, and then we drove out into the skirts o' the city and made a camp. We staid there three days and jelly times we had. But we had earned them, for of all the drives

I made in the service, that there drive from Alexandria to Washington was the meanest, miserablest trip I ever got on.

"What did they say when you got back to the train?"

Oh! the quartermaster growled at first, but when Jake 'splained to him he sorter jawed gently to hisself and see he, "Do n't let it happen again," which we were n't no ways anxious it should.

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the train Buard's Story.

In the summer of '62 I 'd kinder soured on things all round, so I looked about for a change. I found a chance for a detail as guard over on the brigade train, and I was n't slow in cottoning to it. The crp'n he sorter growled at losing a man for duty, but he did n't say much as amounted to anything, so I packed my duds and reported over to the wagons. I figured I'd struck a pretty soft thing, sight to get heaps o' truck carried, and nothing much of any account to do. I

The world have been a few or the control of the con

felt as nigh contented as I ever expect to git in this world. Well, the first two days we did nothing but hang round, the train being in park mostly, 'cept what wagons was out doin' haulin' and the like. We had plenty to eat, axes and kittles were sing'rly numerous, and we jist comfortable snug. But on the third day comes—

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"A frost, a nipping frost?" queried the Quartermaster.

Not exactly, since it was summer time, though come to think on't the nights was pretty cold, and there might ha' been frost though I didn't notice it. Down comes that cussed order to hitch up and pull out. Well sir, we packed up our things and of course

I 'spected my truck was to be carried, in fact I'd tucked my knapsack away in a wagon where it would be safe and yet handy, when along comes the corporal, and sez he, "Wet ye doin' here?" Stowing my things, sez 1. "Stow your grandmother" sez he, "jist git out o' that and fall in here." Where 'm 1 to put my knapsack? sez I. "Wot ye got straps tor?" sez he. I'd never thought o' them; sure enough there was pretty stout straps on my knaj sack, so I slung it on to the hind ex of the wagon and reports to the guard. In getting out o' park I somehow lost sight o' the team I'd hitched my venture to, in fact the wagons strung out considerable and we had to string out too. I was located pretty

dispersional transfer and the

Characters and septical above them.

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along I noticed occasionally a camp kittle or sich lying permiscuous like in the road. One kittle I passed was such an extra good one that I grabbed it and strung it on to the tail of the wagon I was alongside of. Byand-by I noticed some duds lying loose in the path, and curious-like kicked 'm over to see wot they were. I kinder thought one o' the shirts looked natural, but didn't take any pertickler observation but keeps on. Well sir, arter a spell, blamed if I don't come on my knapsack a lying in the road as helpless as a sick kitten when it's mother 's off a visiting. I stopped to pick it up, but Lor' bless ye, it was n't worth liftin'. 'Twas all

near the tail end o' the train, and as we went

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tore to ribands. And then it came to me wot was the reason o' all the truck 1 had noticed lying round loose afore. The road warn't a regular pike, we were on a sort o' cross-cut across the kentry, there were stumps o' trees and the like all along, the wagons had been a going lickerty-split over every thing as come in their way. Them army teamsters wos a reckless lot, and in their bumpity bangin' round they'd fetched my knapsack agin suthin' which had everlastingly weakened its holt on thet hinder ex. There warn't no use a howlin' about it, thar I wos with all my bits o' personal property kinder invested so to speak; only thet Virginny mud never returned anything it got a fair grip on.

Well now, sez I to myself, this here is a pretty piece o' bizness! Here I am with nary a dud to my name; everything gone up; and no 'spectable sight o' gettin' new truck. Wot did I come over here for, anyway? If I've got to carry everything and march in the bargain I might as well ha' staid with the company And I promised myself thet them as wanted guardin' o' trains wos welcome to it; I wanted none on't in mine. However, during the day I kinder looked round and by nightfall I had a very tol'able assortment o' truck which I'd picked up; so I didn't feel quite so out o' sorts when we went into park. I laid in with one o' the teamsters who seemed kinder friendly,

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an' he told me not to git discouraged. "Stick to it" sez he, "by-and-by ye'll get into the ways o' things round here, and then ye'll have good times;" sez he. So I hung on. 'T was n't long 'fore I got an idea o' wot luck sometimes did for folks when they were patient and desarving.

A sutler jined us one day an' begged permission to travel with ns. The wagon-master he kinder grinned, and winked to the nearest teamster, but the poor cuss of a sutler never noticed an' fell in with us. The next mornin' we heard him a lamentin' loudly an' swearin' he might as well ha' run his chances by hisself. We gathered round to know wot all the row was alout, an' he

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eneral energy and any class.

स्था मार्चा के कारणांध्य के किस्तुकार स्थाप स्थाप कुरारा है। इस कारणांध्य कारणांध्य किस्तुकार प्रधान के स्थाप के स्थाप के स्थाप Towed he'd been robbed durin' the night. Well sir, that sutler jawed found free, I tell ye, an' we kin ler sympathical with lim 'till

he said as how it were the drivers an' guards

as had been through him.

"In the stilly watches of the night?"
suggested the Quartermaster.

suggested the Quartermaster.

I did n't hear of any tickers bein' found;
an' I'm sure he did n't say rothin' o' havin'
missed any. Meble they was n't goin,' an'
so the boys did n't notice 'em. Well, sir,
when he began sich insultin' remarks as
insinuating wot we were a gang o' thieves
— horde o' summat he called us — I forgot
what,— it riled us clean through, an' we told
him we did n't want none o' his company.

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The wagonmaster he kim in, an' sez he, "Now ye've bit yer own nose off. Wot little pertection we might ha' leen to ye..."

"'Pertection!'" yelled the sutler, "dam sich 'pertection," I want none on 't."

"Pr'aps ye prefer Free Trade," sez the wagonmaster. "Any way jist git out o' here. We do n't want no disturbances roun' the trains; an' we won't hev it."

Well, sir, ye never see sich a crazy man as that there sutler. He swore so fast he'd like to ha' strangled hisself a gaspin' for breath. The wagonmaster he jawed back for a spell, but by-and-by he gets riled clear through, and the way that sutler was run out was a caution.

But he hung on nigh the tail o' the train, and when we went into park that night some o' the drivers as had been off a watering their mules, said he was a runnin' a little camp o' his own about two miles back. We had a gay ole supper that night, canned stuff and sich, an' arter the boys got a smokin' some cigars as one feller had a box of, we got to meditatin' like on that unfort'nit sutler, an' the risk he ran o' bein' jayhawkel in the night. One o' the boys felt so for him that he went over gently like to make sure as all wos right an' safe. Would ye believe it? that unfeelin' sutler actooally fired on him! O' course sich

doings as that could not be tolerated, an'

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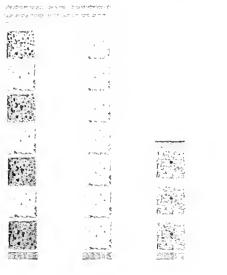
next mornin' when we pulled out, the wagonnaster he rolle back to have it out with the sutter. They rolle alongside o' each other a jawin' an' cussin' till they come to a fork in the road; the sutter he was so busy he never noticed, an' blame me! if his wagon did n't take the wrong road. It seems some fellers had lain back at the fork an' when the sutter passed by a jawin' and swearin', they jist grabbed the driver o' the wagon an' took possession o' the team. Twas run up the other road a spell, when the boys halted, took the horses out o' the traces, loaded up

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E. GARGONELOS PERCENTAS ESPRESANOS PROCESOS.

other road a spell, when the boys halted, took the horses out of the traces, builded up with sich truch as they could tote, an' sloped down the road, a leavin' the wagon a lookin' exceedin' sick. They came 'cross the country,

jined the train quietly, turned the horses loose an' then we went on peacefully. We did n't see no more o' that sutler. Likely his time was valooable an' he had none to spare, a huntin' round after his cattle. Oh, 't was n't sich bad fun, after a body got so as to know the ways an' how to handle hisself.





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